

From the New York Tribune.

THE DANGER OF THE FUTURE.

We believe in America and her destiny with all the confidence of a land whose every conviction is utterly democratic. In the great drama of human development, we regard this Western Republic, with its youthful energies, its rejection of effete institutions and conventionalities, its omnipotent, creative power, as already performing a part of unspeakable importance, and as advancing toward a future of still greater magnitude and power.

But that future is clouded by a single danger, whose proportions rise ever more vague and gloomy upon the view. That danger is American Slavery. All the other dangers that men seem to see before the expansion of democratic tendencies, we laugh at; the danger from the spirit of corruption among public men and legislative bodies can and will be remedied; but slavery sets remedies at defiance and sadly seeks to perpetuate itself, like a pestilential corpse, clinging forever to the living body of American Democracy.

Slavery can now have no other apology than the fact that it exists. As late as its origin, whatever its usefulness in the lower stages of society, all men not blinded by interest, passion and prejudice, must admit that in this country it now produces nothing but evil. We have conversed with many intelligent slave-proprietors, who frankly confessed that this was their opinion, and they would rejoice at nothing more than its entire removal. Simple common sense would expect to find the same desire universal and predominant among all whom misfortune had made slaveholders.

But such is by no means the view of the slaveholding States generally. They cleave to slavery as they would to life. Kentucky feels the venerable and affectionate wisdom of Henry Clay, warning her of the danger, and refuses to entertain any project of emancipation; Virginia, amongst the melancholy decay that slavery has brought upon her, resists the approach of freedom as though it were the plague, and struggles to surround her slave aristocracy with new and more stable guarantees; the President of the South Carolina Convention declares that the State must go out of the Union or else slavery cannot last twenty years; he would have it last forever. And though we have not yet recovered from the calamities of a war made for the extension of slavery, nor from an agitation growing out of the same cause, the Southwinds with men eager to invade and conquer Cuba, while others would fain set on foot a crusade to reduce the Haytian empire to bondage, and thus add to our Confederation two new tropical States, with a million and a half of slaves.

Can any folly surpass this insane desire to enlarge and perpetuate an institution which, by universal confession and the testimony of all reasonable men, is so utterly pernicious?

But there must be men in the Southern States who are willing to look at facts as they are, and are not afraid to reflect upon them. To them we address ourselves.

Slavery cannot be perpetuated beyond a certain period; this is taught by all history and demonstrated by the very nature of things. It may be terminated in one of two ways; either through emancipation by the masters, or through revolt on the part of the slaves. In one of these modes it must in due time come to an end; if peaceful emancipation is not chosen, bloody revolt is sure at last to do its work.

Look at the tendencies of things in this country. In all the middle States, the free population is gradually increasing upon the slave. In Delaware, the process is already so far advanced that the institution barely exists, and cannot remain much longer. In Maryland, there are now fewer slaves than ten years ago, though the population has increased a quarter; in Virginia, the free population has increased above an eighth, and the slave less than a sixteenth, and the case is similar with Kentucky, Missouri and Tennessee. By this natural growth of population, all the middle States will, at no very distant day, be free, while the slaves will be crowded into the cotton, sugar and rice territory farther South. According to the present ratio of increase, it has been estimated that in fifty years the extreme Southern States will contain a vast population of slaves, far exceeding the whites who own them.

Now, does any man suppose that these dozen millions of slaves can be kept in subjection under such circumstances? It is folly to think so. They will then have gained a vast addition to their present average of intelligence; the dangerous admixture of white blood will be infused among them in a greater proportion, and not all the troops that can be raised and brought to the field will be sufficient to subdue them. On this head read the lesson of St. Domingo. When the blacks there rose upon their masters, the proportion between the two was as 500,000 to 50,000. The whites were driven from the country with horrible cruelties, the natural revenge of a servile and oppressed race. Powerful armies were sent against these revolted slaves, millions upon millions were spent for their subjugation, but in vain. A negro State now occupies the servile revolt. Sooner or later the blacks there rose upon their masters, and by a natural sentiment of jealousy, no white is permitted to become a citizen of the country.

A similar fate awaits the Southern extremity of the United States, unless the whites are wise. There is no alternative between emancipation under some form that the slaves will accept, or later it must come, and let those supporters of slavery who are most competent, judge whether half a century is too soon for their arrival.

Free the blacks, or in time they will terrify free themselves. Men cannot be made chattels forever—it is unsafe to suppose it. The negroes of South Carolina and Mississippi may be docile and submissive now, but they will not be so always. That is a fatal delusion, which cannot be too soon abandoned. The part of wisdom is to labor, not for the perpetuation of slavery, but for its removal. Its perpetuation is impossible; its removal can best be accomplished while the danger is still remote. We shall perhaps be told that but for the abolitionists, slavery would now be much nearer its end than it is. That may be a convenient reply to the facts above stated, but it does not affect their force an atom. We shall be reminded of the difficulties surrounding the question of Emancipation. No doubt these difficulties are great enough, but they sink into insignificance, they are nothing, when compared with those connected with maintaining this institution.

Would it to God that our brethren in the South would open their eyes to considerations so momentous, and that this cloud might be dispelled from the future of America! Nor do we despair of such a miracle. Unpromising as are all the signs of public feeling in the slave States, we cannot suppose that this nation, the animated missionary of Democratic liberty, can so signally and disgracefully perish, as to attempt to perpetuate the inhumanities and evils of bondage. Let us rather prophesy that, without insurrection or convulsion, the sun which first rises upon the twentieth century will not behold a slave on the whole expanse of the American continent.

IMPRISONMENT OF FREE NEGRO SEAMEN.

A correspondence has taken place between Capt. Porter, of the steamship Georgia, and Recorder Genoa, of New Orleans, on the subject of enforcing the law of Louisiana, requiring the imprisonment of Free Negroes arriving on vessels entering that port, until their departure is proved. Capt. Porter claims exemption, on the ground that the Georgia is a national vessel, under officers of the Navy, and subject to the orders of the Secretary of the Navy. Mr. Genoa, under the advice of the District Attorney, does not recognize the claim to exemption, but on account of the Georgia being ready for sea, consents to defer the issue of the warrants; nevertheless, he notifies Capt. Porter that, upon the return of the Georgia to that port, he must execute the law.

The following is an extract from the written opinion of Mr. M. M. Reynolds, District Attorney in New Orleans:

"I do not consider the steamship Georgia as coming under the class of vessels belonging to Government, but look upon her as an ordinary merchant vessel; not having the acts of Congress on the subject before me, I am unable to go into particulars.

"The law of the State makes no exception, and is imperative with regard to the prohibition of the importation of free negroes, and until that law is declared illegal or unconstitutional by the highest tribunal to which we can resort, the Courts of inferior jurisdiction are bound to observe and enforce it. The question before us is of vast importance, and involves the doctrine how far States may legislate for their own protection—in fact, the doctrine of State rights is involved. Our State has a right to legislate for her protection, and if in law no exception is

made regarding Government employees, they are as amenable to the law as any one else. If Government vessels were to employ free negroes on mail boats, might not free negroes be employed to carry mails throughout the State? Might not Government also, if the doctrine be admitted, employ vast numbers of free negroes on naval vessels, and then flood the whole Southern country with free negroes? What even Government vessels have a right to land in our ports with free negroes, seems to me a very doubtful question.

ENGLISH VIEW OF THE SIMS CASE.

The following extract is from the London Standard of Freedom, one of the most able and influential of the English journals:—

"... American law is now asked to make this man a slave. American law is now asked to sanction the practice of kidnapping any colored man who may suit the convenience or gratify the revenge of men who have no law but the law of their own race, or to bullock their slaughter, in their American law is asked to defy the Constitution, which guarantees that no man shall be deprived of life and liberty without due process of law, and to hand over the lives and fortunes, aye, and the eternal welfare of the slave to a multitude of functionaries who pollute the land they tread as the plague of frogs did Egypt of old.

The Fugitive Slave Law is a greater disgrace to America than slavery itself. That was an evil partial in its operations, in some degree to be remedied. In the infancy of this every American participates. He may talk of freedom—a godly profession may be his—till the Fugitive Slave Law be repealed; he is the abettor of slaveholders—he stoops to do their dirty work—and he must share their degradation and shame.

Till the Fugitive Slave Law be repealed, America must be a mournful sight to contemplate; no fonder injustice, no more damnable wrongs, are to be met with amidst the despots of Europe than what the Fugitive Slave Law sanctions; and yet America can offer the Hungarian refugee a home, and can refuse it to the Fugitive Slave, for whose wrong and agony in coming years a fearful—God grant that it be not a bloody—atonement must be made.

Abolitionists of Boston, of America, be up and doing! In England, there are sympathizing hearts and co-operating hands. Across the water, and louder than the roar of your own Niagara, shall be heard England's appeal for the slave. Foremost in the struggle, and readiest to joy in the common victory to be won in the name of humanity and religion, you will find us. Falter not—rest not—talk not of truce or repose, till the Fugitive Slave Law be repealed, and the Slaveholder of the South learn that against the Christian principle—against the moral strength—against the common humanity of the North, his gold and threats, his bluster and entreaties, are like powers vain. Engage them, to you, in his extremity and loneliness, turn the American slave. He is man and a brother. His origin is as noble and his destiny as glorious as your own. The Almighty breathed into him the breath of life, and the inspiration of the Highest gave him understanding. If you aid, his fetters will be burst, and he will rise an emancipated man. The men of Britain and the Congressional Ministers of Gloucestershire have begun nobly—the Anti-Slavery Society has followed in their steps; but more must be done.

May is the month of demonstration. In this great metropolis, in a few days, will be gathered together the religion, the greatness, the philanthropy, of the land. Almost every victim of wrong will have an advocate. It cannot be that next month, when voices will be raised for the American slave, and that no narrator will tell of the life-long misery by which he is withered up, and by which the democracy of the West becomes a by-word, a mockery, and a lie."

The Liberator.

No Union with Slaveholders!

BOSTON, MAY 16, 1851.

NEW ENGLAND ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

The New England Anti-Slavery Convention will be held, as usual, in Boston, during the anniversary week, commencing on Tuesday, May 27th, at 10 o'clock, A. M., and continuing in session three days. To it are summoned as many of the free spirits of the times as can possibly find their way to this city, which, degraded and fallen through selfishness, cowardice and inhumanity, greatly needs their presence to shame it into decency, and enable it to stand erect as in "the times that tried men's souls." The Slave Power is struggling desperately, and every one who claims to be long to the 'sacramental host' of Liberty is expected to be at his post, fully equipped for service.

There will be a strong array of able and eloquent advocates of freedom on the occasion.

By order of the Board of Managers of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society,

FRANCIS JACKSON, President.

EDMUND QUINCY, Secretary.

SEVENTEENTH ANNUAL MEETING

OF THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

The Seventeenth Annual Meeting of the American Anti-Slavery Society was held in the city of Syracuse, N. Y., on Wednesday, May 7, 1851. The Society assembled in the City Hall, at 10 A. M., and was called to order by the President, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, of Massachusetts.

In the absence of the Secretaries, Samuel May, Jr., of Massachusetts, and James W. Walker, of Ohio, were appointed Secretaries pro tem.

The President read extracts from Scripture, strikingly appropriate to the circumstances of the American people.

Rev. Mr. RAYMOND, of the Baptist Church in Syracuse, offered a very fervent prayer.

The meeting united in singing the hymn written by Maria Weston Chapman—

"The memory of the faithful dead
Be on their children's hearts this day."

The President then stated the cause and circumstances of our assembling in Syracuse at this time.

Rev. S. J. MAY, of Syracuse, read the Declaration of Sentiments adopted by the American Anti-Slavery Society, in December, 1833.

GEORGE SMITH, Esq., of Peterboro', N. Y., welcomed the Society and its members to Central New York, in a speech of the greatest cordiality, and then presented the following resolution, to be acted upon, not by the Society as such, nor by the whole body of persons present, but particularly by those resident in Central New York:—

Resolved, That the Abolitionists of Central New York do most heartily welcome the presence among them of the American Anti-Slavery Society, and do most gladly avail themselves of this occasion to express their fullest confidence in the integrity, devotion and usefulness of that Society, and to tender to it their fellowship and co-operation.

Rev. Mr. May, of Syracuse, added, on the part of many of the people of Syracuse, a hearty welcome to the city of Syracuse.

The resolution of Mr. Smith was then put, and adopted unanimously and enthusiastically.

GEORGE W. PUTNAM, of Massachusetts, recited a Poem, written with reference to the exclusion of the American Anti-Slavery Society from the city of New York.

SAMUEL BROOKE, of Ohio, SAMUEL J. MAY and CHARLES A. WHEATON, of Syracuse, were appointed a Committee of Finance.

Another hymn was sung, and the Society adjourned to 2 o'clock, P. M.

WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON.

The Society re-assembled in the City Hall, when the President, on motion, nominated the following persons as a Committee on the Nomination of Officers:—EDMUND QUINCY, of Massachusetts; THOMAS WHITSON, of Pennsylvania; PARKER PILBURY, of

Massachusetts; and CHARLES S. S. GRIFING, of Ohio, were added to the Finance Committee.

The question of pecuniary contributions to the Society was discussed by ABEL KELLEY FOSTER, WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, and JOHN C. CLER.

Mr. GARRISON read the following letter from a gentleman of New York city, which, on motion of Mr. Pillsbury, it was voted to publish with the proceedings of the meeting:—

NEW YORK, May 3d, 1851.

WM. LLOYD GARRISON:—

DEAR SIR:—While concurring in the wisdom of the Executive Committee of the American Anti-Slavery Society in deciding to hold their seventeenth Anniversary at Syracuse the present year, as a resident of New York, I feel ashamed that in this great city no place can be found for the uncompromising advocate of Freedom.

Should the slaveholder or his abettor choose to decant on the beauties of Slavery, there would be no lack of place or opportunity. Should he even propose to reduce to practice his beautiful system, I doubt not he would have a gracious hearing; but for that system to be assailed with the whole armor of truth, and with the earnestness of conviction, is quite another thing. Well, let this great city remain under the care of the Union Safety Committee on the one hand and Capt. Rynders on the other, till their own infamy, if nothing else, shall make them ashamed. I am thankful that she is surrounded by a country to which she cannot give law, even in her own State; and I admire the wisdom of falling back upon the yeomanry of the country, in this time of our country's peril, and of bringing forward a power now lying almost dormant, to act, not only against the system of Slavery, but to show to a degenerate people that however false to the spirit of liberty the denizens of a commercial city may be, yet there are millions in the country whose hearts beat true to it.

But my main object in troubling you with this communication, is to propose, through you, to the friends of the slave, that, in consideration of the crisis that the slave power has brought upon us, and the urgent necessity for meeting it manfully, those of us having the ability to do it, just double our donations to the American Anti-Slavery Society, with the understanding that they bring into the field the rest consecrated talent they can command.

I know it is but little comparatively that we whose time is occupied by business can do, but while our brethren more favored than we are pleading the cause of the dumb, let us who can show by our works that we appreciate their labors and are willing to strengthen their hands. Though in humble circumstances, yet having ability to labor and favored with small means, in view of the perils with which we are surrounded, and the necessity for the most vigorous action, I propose to place at the disposal of the American Anti-Slavery Society, during the present year, two hundred dollars, payable quarterly, in instalments of fifty dollars each; and if that champion of freedom, George Thompson, will consent to labor for the slave in this country during the present year, then I propose to pay one hundred dollars towards furnishing him with a suitable salary for his eminent services; and should he consent to labor but part of a year, then to pay in the same proportion.

Yours truly, LAUREN WETMORE.

No. 17 Platt street.

J. M. McKim, of Philadelphia, announced the contribution to the Society's treasury of one hundred francs from M. Victor Schœlcher, of Paris, an eminent French gentleman, and representative in the French Chamber of Deputies of the island of Guadalupe. The Finance Committee subsequently announced that about eight hundred dollars had been raised by contributions and pledges.

Resolved, That this Society would tender to the true-hearted Abolitionists of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, as well as those who are in the British possessions on this continent, their warmest gratitude for their co-operation in the great work of Emancipation—for their generous hospitality to the fugitive Americans who have found an asylum on their shores—for their continued and liberal benefactions, in various forms, to the funds of this Society, and for every expression of their sympathy and good will; and would respectfully but earnestly entreat them to adopt such measures as may be best calculated to render the assembling of nations, at the World's Fair, an occasion for advancing the cause of the Abolition of Slavery throughout the world.

These resolutions were supported, in able and pithy speeches, by EDMUND QUINCY, FREDERICK DOUGLASS, and JOHN C. CLER, and were then adopted unanimously.

GEORGE THOMPSON, Esq., came forward, and was received with acclamation. He spoke at some length, with great eloquence.

Adjourned to 7 o'clock, P. M.

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

The Society re-assembled at the hour of adjournment, and the meeting was opened by the singing of an anti-slavery piece, by four voices.

The following resolution was reported by the Business Committee:—

Resolved, That our controversy is with the existence of slavery itself on the American soil; that we indulge in no dreams of its limitation, modification, or gradual removal; that nothing is gained, but very much is lost, by attempting to conciliate its demon-spirit by evasion, procrastination, or compromise; that to talk of resisting its aggressions, or holding it in check, while tolerating it as a system, is a most lamentable delusion; that any religious or political alliance with it is sinful and suicidal—"a covenant with Death and an agreement with Hell"; and that the only standard under which the friends of freedom can either consistently or successfully rally, is that which bears the inscription, 'No Union with Slaveholders!'

The resolution was discussed by James W. Walker, of Ohio, Henry C. Wright, and Wm. Lloyd Garrison—Edmund Quincy, one of the Vice Presidents, being in the Chair. The discussion was listened to, by a very crowded audience, with the closest attention.

GEORGE THOMPSON, being repeatedly called for, at length came forward, and spoke in a strain of the greatest eloquence for above half an hour.

Adjourned to Thursday, 10 A. M.

THURSDAY.

The Society met again in the City Hall, and was called to order by the President, at 10 1/2 o'clock. Prayer was offered by Rev. Lindon King, of Oswego, and a hymn was sung.

Rev. S. J. MAY called attention to the cases of several fugitive slaves, now in Syracuse; and Rev. Mr. Pinney gave some interesting information about one of these slaves and his family, which was born to him in the North.

J. M. McKim gave an account of the alleged fugitive slave Euphemia Williams, now obliged to fly from Philadelphia, after a residence of more than twenty years there.

Rev. Mr. RYNDERS, of Oswego, N. Y., spoke of the necessities of the school at Dawn, Canada West. Some discussion arose upon the condition and claims of this school, in which Frederick Douglass, S. J. May, Mr. Newman, of Canada, and others, participated.

H. C. WAGNER objected to the discussion as irrelevant; the business of the Society being solely to act for the overthrow of the whole accursed system, which makes fugitives from American despotism and slavery possible and necessary.

S. J. MAY moved that a committee be raised, whose duty it shall be to investigate the claims of the schools in Canada, for the benefit of the colored population, and make a public report therefor. Abby Kelley Foster moved to amend, by including the several colored schools in Michigan and elsewhere in the proposed investigation. The amendment was accepted by the author of the original motion, which then was unanimously adopted.

The resolution was taken up, and was sustained by PARKER PILBURY.

Adjourned to the afternoon.

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The Society re-assembled according to adjournment. On motion, Voted, To lay other business on the table, and take up the question of the finances of the Society.

Abraham Brooks, of Ohio, Abby Kelley Foster, of

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POETRY.

FREEDOM'S CALL.

BY E. R. PLACE.

Up! New England, for the right,
Firmly onward, men of might!
March to Freedom's crowning battle!
Overthrow the monster few,
With their mean-souled Northern crew,
Who God's children herd with cattle!

Sons of Pilgrims, stand ye here,
Quaking with unmanly fear,
Dreading Slavery's mimic thunder!
Bear ye yet the Pilgrim name,
Boast ye still our fathers' fame,
Aiding men who cradle plunders!

Now the issue comes to pass,
Now the free tho't, or the thrall,
Equal rights, or slavery's iron!
Rouse! ye sons of mighty men!
Rouse! ye powers of tongue and pen!
Man the walls of Freedom's Zion!

What is wealth, and what the soul?
Weigh them, gauge them, part and whole;
One is earth, the other heaven;
Gold the one, the other clod;
One is naught, the other—God!
He its matchless wealth has given.

Perish riches! perish fame!
If the purse, or if the name,
Must be bought by base surrender.
Freedom needs our service now;
Freedom! here we plight our vow,
Unto thee our true hearts tender!

Comrades, on! the conflict wars—
Look where Slavery's legion swarms—
March to meet them! God is for us!
If we falter now, or pall,
By our arm will Freedom fall,
God and all true men abhor us!

From the National A. S. Standard.

ON RECEIVING A PIECE OF FLAX-TOE.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

While we, with human rage and heat,
Would make the world forego its ill,
Behold with what unnoticed feet
God's passionless reformers still
Come unawares, and have their will!

Tough roths hath profitable wrong,
That blunt too long the lever's axe;
God touches them with naught more strong
Nor sharper than a stem of flax—
The iron fibres melt as wax.

Thin soft and silken Garrison!
Light as thou liest in my hand,
By thee great marvels shall be done,
For thou shalt snap the Circe-wand,
And disenchant the grovelling land.

By many a rushing waterfall
I hear the spindles buzz aloud,
Twining the cords that bind us all;
I see our dear New England bowed
To weave the web of Freedom's shroud.

How quietly upon her side
Doth Fate the hostile force enlist!
Perchance, ere long, with us allied,
Those wheels, with every thread they twist,
Shall make an Abolitionist.

I hear our pines, with horrent thrill,
Sigh, drearily, that their doom may be
From 'neath the shade of Bunker Hill,
To bear across the churning sea
The human flesh-tax of the free.

Come swiftly, happy change, and bless
Our longing sight before we die;
Set free our pulpits and our press,
Relume the ancient fires that die
In fallen New England's downcast eye!

Or come in God's own season; swift
Is sickly ripeness, stung by wasps;
The hand of God from each good gift
One finger at a time unclasp,
And shut from him who rashly grasps.

Then let our banyan empire shoot
Such knitted stems as earth ne'er saw,
O'er half a world; and let its root
From Shakspeare's tongue and Alfred's law
The ever-living fibres draw!

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SPORT.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Bear lightly on their foreheads, Time!
Strew roses on their way,
The young in heart, however old,
That prize the present day,
And, wise when the pompous proud,
Are wise enough to play.

I love to see a man forget
His blood is growing cold,
And leap, or swim, or gather flowers,
Oblivious of his gold,
And mix with children in their sport,
Nor think that he is old.

I love to see the man of care
Take pleasure in a toy;
I love to see him row or ride,
And tread the grass with joy,
Or hunt the flying cricket-ball,
As lusty as a boy.

All sports that spare the humblest pain,
That neither maim nor kill—
That lead us to the quiet field,
Or to the wholesome hill—
Are duties which the pure of heart
Religiously fulfil.

Though some may laugh that full-grown men
May frolic in the wood,
Like children led astray from school—
Not mine the scornful mood:
I honour happiness,
And deem it gratitude.

And though, perchance, the cricketeer,
Or 'Chinaman,' that dies
His dragon-kite, with boys and girls,
May seem to some unwise—
I see no folly in their play,
But sense that underlies.

The road of life is hard enough,
Bestrewn with slag and thorn;
I would not mock the simplest joy,
That makes it less forlorn,
But fill its evening path with flowers
As fresh as those of morn.

Give us but health and peace of mind,
Whate'er our clime or clan,
We'll take delight in simple things,
Nor deem that sports unmanly—
And let the proud, who fly no kites,
Despise us if they can!

From the Toronto Patriot.

SPEECH OF GEORGE THOMPSON, M. P., AT TORONTO.

CITIZENS OF TORONTO:

The advertisements which have convened this meeting have already informed you that I appear in this hall to-night to deliver a lecture on the Evils of Slavery. I do so on the invitation of the Anti-Slavery Society of Canada. I rejoice over the formation of that body, and that its headquarters are to be in this beautiful, improving and important city. It was called into existence, as I learn from its constitution, to cry aloud to your neighbors beyond the line, to stay their hands from prosecuting a system of iniquity, and to invite and urge them, by every consideration arising from our common Christianity, to put a stop to it for ever by the abolition of slavery. I am glad to find that this duty is to be performed in the spirit of those who entertain the feelings of brethren and friends toward the inhabitants of the neighboring States, and that you disclaim any desire to interfere officiously with the internal affairs of that great, growing, and mighty people, from whom you are separated by so short a distance. The work you have purposed to yourselves is worthy of you, and the spirit in which you propose to prosecute it is worthy of you, and of those with whom you purpose to co-operate, as of those, also, to whom your Christian remonstrances and brotherly rebukes will be directed. I am rejoiced to find, also, that you heartily bid God-speed to the noble and ever-increasing band of Christians and patriots in the United States, who publicly plead, without fear or favor, the cause of their enslaved fellow-citizens. In this you do well. The true abolitionists of the United States are eminently worthy of your admiration, your encouragement and God-speed. The world does not contain a nobler band of men and women. In proportion as you learn to know them, you will learn to love them, and to regard them as that part of the population of the great American Union who are doing most for the diffusion of those divine principles which lie at the foundation of the great doctrine of the universal brotherhood of man, and of the equal regard of our common Parent for all the children of the human family.

As a British subject, I feel peculiarly happy in being with you on this occasion. I am increasingly happy to find myself upon the same platform in the new world with those who have been my fellow-laborers in the cause of emancipation in the old world; to find them still alive, active and vigorous on the shores of our native country; to find, too, that they have faith in the power and universality of the truths which were successfully applied to our own Colonial system of bondage. This is as it should be. We won the victory over West Indian bondage, not because we were Britons, but because the truths we preached were divine, universal and eternal. This is no question of latitude and longitude—it is a human question. I ask not, Is the slave my fellow-subject? but, Is he a man? I ask not, Do I stand upon British or American soil? but, 'Am I still in God's dominions? Am I still under the law of the Supreme Ruler, and are the great principles of morality and justice still the same? If my brother is held in unjust bondage, my message is the same, whether it be to my own or any other human government. Thus saith the Lord, 'Break every yoke, and let the oppressed go free.'

I have come amongst you to discuss the question on no low or narrow grounds. In my mind, it links itself indissolubly with every topic within the entire range of religion and human duty. It ascends to the very being of God, and has to do with His character, His attributes, and His moral government of the world. It entwines itself around the spiritual nature, hopes, fears, joys, sorrows, the present condition and future destinies of man. It must be understood before we can comprehend man's responsibilities, or know the meaning of the command, 'I am the Lord thy God, and thou shalt have no other God before me.' This question cannot be separated from the doctrine of a future and equal judgment, and of a just and unerring retribution. It cannot be disjoined from the capacity, omnipotence and immortality of the soul. It concerns the all-important questions of the inspiration, authority and interpretation of Scripture. It defines the limit of human statutes, and settles the question of the paramount claims and obligations of the law of individual conscience and of God. It must be studied if we would know who is our neighbor, and what is our duty towards him, or to what extent we are authorized in applying the principles of the everlasting gospel and the truths of revelation to the affairs of the world. As far as I have been connected with the great question of slavery, it has not been with me a question of politics. It is transcendent, it is infinitely above all human politics. If there be a principle at the bottom of this question—in other words, if there be any truth in the doctrine that there is a God—that he is the Creator and Governor of the world—that he is the sole proprietor of man, and that man belongs of right to himself, and is responsible only to the Supreme Ruler for his actions—then slavery is not an institution to be regulated, but a crime to be abolished—not a condition to be modified, but a wrong to be redressed; not the religion and morality demand that the evil doer return to the allegiance he owes to God, and the slave be instantly restored to his rights as a man. This whole subject resolves itself into the question, 'Can man hold property in man?' If this question be answered in the affirmative, then we have no ground to stand upon; then we are impertinent intermeddlers, whether we speak against slavery on English, Canadian, or American soil. But if it be answered in the negative, then our feet are placed upon a rock, and our commission is, 'Go ye into all the world, and wherever ye find the Divine Creator and sole proprietor of man, denounce the usurpation of his prerogative, denounce the daring impiety, and demand that God be restored to his rightful dominion, by the restoration of liberty to that subject of His government who is now held in chattel bondage.' Grant that man may hold property in man, and you are a trespasser on the plantation, and an invader of legitimate rights. Deny the infernal doctrine, and you are a true and loyal subject of the King of kings—the vindicator of His outraged rights—the restorer of his children—the upholder of His government—ay, and the savior of the slaveholder himself. Go forth in the strong belief that man cannot have property in man, and you are at once a co-worker with God. You are at once in harmony with universal truth—your doctrine finds an echo in every human heart—the consciences of all men are on your side—you have at once enlisted the affections, agonies, exultations and hopes of humanity on your side. Can man hold property in man? Can man become a beast on the one hand? Can man become a beast on the other? Can the master be man and God in the same person? Can the slave be man and beast in the same person? Can a creature own an equal fellow-creature? Can the potsherd say unto the potsherd—'Thou art mine?' Can the sinner be God over his fellow? Or can another man, formed like me, be at once free to serve God, and doomed to serve a man? Be a rational, immortal and accountable soul, in his relation to God—a marketable, degraded beast, who may be manacled, scourged, branded, hunted and shot like a wild animal, in his relation to man? Has the master a soul? So has the slave. Is the master responsible? So is the slave. Has the master affections? So has the slave. Does the master hope, fear, rejoice? So does the slave. Must the master be free, that he may fulfil the purposes for which he was born, and glorify God in the use of his faculties? So equally must the man he calls his property. Would the master, if he were made a slave, regard his doom as worse than death, and lose the crown of glory from his brow? It is even so with the slave. Away for ever, then, with the doctrine that has filled the world with woe,

that man, whose breath is in his nostrils, can have property in his fellow-man!

If these views be admitted to be correct, with what feelings must that system be regarded which makes merchandise of three millions of the human race, or one hundred and twenty times as many as the entire population of the city of Toronto! A system, too, which entails slavery upon the posterity of these three millions to the very latest generation. Yet, such is the system which at this moment sheds its baleful influence over every part of the great Republic to which you are so near neighbors. Three millions of imbruted men, women and children, the chattels of 20,000 tyrannical and sordid men—the disgrace, as they are the curse of their species. A money-making confederation, to which the stock is in human hearts and human souls. While other men call themselves rich in flocks, and herds, and fields, and farms, these men count their riches according to the number of souls that tremble at their glance, and the capacity of their human cattle to increase and multiply. They rear children as you would rear sheep or calves; they put beauty, and loveliness, and youth, and purity, and intelligence and piety up at auction, and sell them to the highest bidder. They sell their own children without remorse, and are filling the shambles of America with the best blood of Virginia and the Carolinas. O, what a monster is man! Not satisfied with the legitimate dominion given him by his Creator over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air, and the fish of the sea—not satisfied with every tree of the garden, with every green herb for meat, and the cattle upon a thousand hills—not satisfied with the promise that 'summer and winter, seed time and harvest will never cease'—he has put forth his hand, and taken hold upon that which God has reserved for himself—the only creature made to glorify God by the faculties of a deathless soul—that creature man has seized, has torn the crown from his brow, has robbed him of his dignity, and stamped him as a beast. Ay, he advertises him for sale with oxen and horses, and lashes him with a scourge to the shambles where he is to be sold! And yet there are those, in America, who ask whether slavery is not a religious and divine institution. And for what is man enslaved? What great purpose is accomplished by this robbery of God—this sacrilege of man—this wreck of soul—this annihilation of intellect—this wringing of the heart-strings of humanity—this degradation of the loftiest being in the world to the lowest condition of which a tamed brute is capable? Is there some grand object of stupendous magnitude, which cannot be accomplished unless this be done, and which makes it expedient, if not right, that one portion of the human race should be sacrificed, that the rest may be saved? It is, that a few may be idle themselves, and yet sell rice, tobacco, sugar and cotton. And it is asked, Is slavery religious? No man need ask whether slavery be religious. Can that be religious which dethrones God and puts man in his place? Can that be religious which strikes at the root, at once of the freedom, responsibility, dignity and happiness of man? Can that be religious which makes one man a tyrant and another a slave, and creates a gulf between them wide as that between the burning seraph near the throne of God, and the reptile that lives upon the vapor of a dungeon? Ask not whether it can be religious; for your own heart tells you it is not human. You shoot without remorse the wild beast that comes into your fold and steals the lambs of your flock. Slavery waits till the agony of the mother is over, to plunder her of the fruit of her womb, and to write beast upon that brow which was intended to wear the stamp of intelligence, and the crown of immortality!

How appalling is the state of America, when viewed in connection with the prostration of politics, literature, commerce, social intercourse, and religion, before the spirit of slavery! To the man who looks through forms, ceremonies, professions and creeds, to the actual, prevailing spirit of a nation, America seems to have no actuating principle but slavery, no God but slavery. At the South, the soil is monopolized by it. It overshadows millions of acres of the fairest portions of God's creation. Every portion of the population is under its direct and absolute influence. The patrician class are the slaveholders. Their wealth is computed in slaves. Their influence regulated by the number of their slaves. Their respectability measured by the number of slaves. The slaves themselves are nothing besides slaves. Their muscular power—their mechanic skill—their powers of endurance—their spiritual intelligence—their personal beauty—their fecundity, as being capable of multiplying their species—all weighed, tested, and appraised, in connection with slavery.—The free people of color, as they are called in mockery, are regarded as below contempt. Having no marketable value, they are nuisances, eye-sores, and abominations—the very fifth and offscouring of the body politic, to be got rid of as soon as means can be devised, to gather them up as the scum of humanity to be thrown off the surface of society. The non-slaveholding whites in the South are a race of mongrels, who exist, not live; who are tolerated, not encouraged; and who have no status or position among their own kind. What the state of morals in such a community must be, it needs no statistics nor newspaper facts to prove. We know, however, from the records of every day, as well as from the deductions of reason, the condition of the South in regard to morals. We know that, superadded to the vices of the free States, there are crimes and immoralities peculiar to the region of slavery. We know that human lusts are without a check or restraint. We know that all that is precious to one of the sexes is the sport of those who live to gratify their passions. We know that marriage—as an indissoluble tie, as a legal contract, as protected by law, as giving the husband the right to defend the wife—is utterly unknown amongst the three millions of the South. We know that a bear in the forest has a better chance of rearing unmolested her whelps, and of keeping them when she has reared them, than the human mother who suckles slaves. We know that symmetry and beauty are the curses of their owners, and mark them out for infamy and perdition. We know that Religion is made to coalesce with this state of things; that the ministers of religion are slaveholders, slave-breeders, graziers in human cattle, slave-whippers; and the friends, co-partners and co-plunderers with the vilest of the vile of the intelligent creation. We know that humanity is a crime; and the love of equal freedom, the unparagonable sin; and that the priesthood consent to the martyrdom of the emancipationist, and will hold the clothes of those who stone him. How much better is it at the North! The religion of the North recognizes the religion of the South. I have printed letters in my possession, written by slaveholding ministers, since I came to America, boasting of the fraternal greeting everywhere given them in the free States—of the pulpits thrown open to them—of the sacraments administered by them, and reporting the state of the religious mind as sound and healthy on the subject of slavery. What a revelation has the late Fugitive Slave Law led to. It might have been sent to prove to the world the deeply corrupt state of the Northern American Churches. Christendom may well stand aghast at the doctrines which have been preached by the descendants of the Puritans, since that Bill became the law of the United States. Take the entire range of Northern literature of every class: 1. The penny papers that cater to the appetites of the multitude. 2. The papers that are the organs of trade and commerce. 3. The papers that support political parties. 4. The papers that are the representatives of religious denominations. 5. The periodical literature, in the shape of magazines, reviews, and miscellanies. Either they stoutly defend slavery—meanly apologise for slavery—or are profoundly silent on the subject. An American cannot name the influential periodical journal that writes in favor of humanity, and directly and unequivocally

condemns slavery. I have now referred to that description of literature which is carefully provided for the known moral and intellectual palate of the people. Are you not justified in inferring the state of the public mind from these indications? Take grave works. Works on moral philosophy. Reprints of English works. Works on American history.—Works on political economy. All contain the proofs, positive or negative, of the fact that the spirit of slavery reigns in the department of literature, as supremely as in the cotton or rice fields of Alabama or Carolina. These are startling and affecting signs of the times.

Look again at the tameness, the subservience, the almost thankfulness, with which the North allows herself to be deprived of her rights, and her citizens going South to be treated worse than curs. She allows the crews of her vessels to be plundered of their citizen rights, and thrust into dungeons, and sold to pay their jail fees. She allows her own diplomatic ministers to be ordered out of a Southern State by a Lynch Company. She allows her best sons to have their backs ploughed up, their heads shaved, their bodies tarred and feathered, to be hunted, mobbed, ducked, drowned, imprisoned, cat-hauled, branded, shot like dogs—and never utter a word of remonstrance. What is the only subject which will now raise a mob? Abolition. What is the worst character a man can bear in the church? The character of being an abolitionist. What is the opinion a man takes the most pains to conceal? The opinion that slavery is a curse and a disgrace to the country. What class of men, of all others, is it that may be ridiculed and libelled with impunity—in the pulpit, in public lectures, in lyceums, at dinners, on political platforms? Abolitionists. What meetings are they to which rowdies and little boys know they may go, to shuffle, whistle, crowl and cough with impunity? The meetings of abolitionists. What religious views are termed heresies? Those that view man as man, whatever be his color or his country. What slave is it, of all the slaves in the world, that an American may not succor? The slave born in his own country, and perchance the son of one of its most distinguished patriots. What animal is it that a Southerner may hunt over all the valleys, hills and plains of the free States? MAN! The American Game Laws grant licenses to hunt this animal throughout the land—and make it a crime—nay, treason—to attempt to succor, defend, or rescue the prey of the blood-suckers of the South, when on the track of the flying and quivering fugitive. No American will deny that I have drawn a true picture of the state of his country.

No American will deny that the pro-slavery sentiment is the paramount sentiment of the United States. Slavery in America is superior to all law, for it is the controlling spirit of the country. There is no higher code than the bloody enactments of slavery. The great religious controversy at this moment in the United States is upon the question, whether there is any higher law than the Fugitive Slave Law; and the majority—the vast majority of the Divines—go for the superior authority of the Congress, and preach openly to their congregations, that thus saith Millard Fillmore, is more binding than thus saith the Lord; and that a letter signed Daniel Webster is infinitely more worthy of attention than the Sermon on the Mount. If any thing more than another can prove the horrid influence and domination of slavery in the United States, it is the fact, that because the demon hates the Bible, the Christian denominations of that country have consented to withhold it from the three millions of Southern slaves. Yet, if any portion of the human race need the Bible, heaven knows it is the slaves. This has always appeared to me the fact which above all others proved the demoralizing influence and atheistical character of slavery—that men who profess to regard the Bible as the Word of God and the revelation of his will to the children of men, should deliberately consent to see it withheld from their fellow-immortal beings, and enter no protest against laws which punish the second offence of teaching the Bible with the penalty of death. Christians of Toronto, of all sects! I summon you to-night to the rescue of pure and undefiled religion from the dishonor cast upon it by slavery in the U. S. of America. If a nation is to be judged by its fruits, and according to the prevailing influence which directs, controls and dominates in every department—in the field—on the exchange—in the closet of the author—the study of the minister—the Assembly of the Presbytery—the Conference of the Methodist—the Hall of Legislation—the Cabinet of the General Government—I ask you, who is the God of America? Is it the God who hath 'made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the bounds of their habitation'—the God who is 'no respecter of persons,' who directed Philip to join himself to the Ethiopian eunuch—who hath said, 'Cry aloud, spare not—the God who spoke from the burning bush—who sent his Son to seek and save the lost—who tender mercies are over all his works? Is this the God who is served in America? Is there a consistency between the religion and the acts of the devil-whippers of interior Africa. The medicine mummies of the North American Indian correspond with the habits and pursuits of these children of the wilderness. I can understand the Persic fire-worshipper when he bows before the sacred flame, or hails the sun as he comes forth from the chambers of the east. I can understand the Mahomedan—the warrior of the faith—who goes forth with the sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, to spread the religion of the Prophet. I can understand the Hindoo, when he washes in the Ganges, or prostrates himself under the wheels of Juggernaut; but I cannot understand the religion of America, and least of all, reconcile it, as it is seen in the lives of its professors, with that religion of love, whose object, aim, spirit, duties, blessings, hopes, rewards, honors and glories are LIBERTY! whose founder came to preach deliverance to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound. Wherever I travel in America, I am still in the realms of slavery. The country is magnificent and glorious—the mountains are stupendous and sublime—the rivers roll their floods along in majesty and beauty—the valleys stretch away in verdure and loveliness; there are towering steeples, and multitudinous priests, and busy crowds hastening to worship, and a never-ending, still beginning round of rites, ceremonies and observances; there are loud and ostentatious proclamations of the duties and obligations of religion, and thanksgivings, and feasts, and festivals; but all these hide not from the sight the presence of the foul demon of slavery; his spirit is everywhere—his dominion universal—his will despotic. The glorious external creation seems but the vestibule of his glorious temple, and all the rites and ceremonies of the people seem to be subordinate to the profound and soul-prostrating homage paid to this insatiate fiend, who has seated himself above all that is called God, and daily demands the living death of three millions of the human race. Amidst all the temples of America, I see another, and entering its dreary portals, and penetrating to the chamber where sits this God of America, I behold him amid all the symbols of pollution and woe, with his heel upon the manacled form of American Liberty, surrounded by crushed hearts, darkened souls, deflowered maidens, weeping Rachels, and lustful tyrants—issuing his mandates for the enslavement of a continent—awarding a sceptre of scorpions over his quivering victims—accepting of iron over his voluntary, self-degraded vassals, and with demagogical exultation exclaiming—See how these Christians love one another! And this is the system that has to be abolished. Oh, this anti-slavery cause is a cause of surpassing greatness. There is nothing little about it but its advocates. If we would avail ourselves of the dwarfish dimensions of our own narrow souls—our own petty prejudices—let us gaze often and long upon the fabric we are seek-

ing to extirpate. There is real grandeur in the gloomy vastness of the huge superstructure of guilt we are seeking to abolish. Try to measure its circumference, and you will fail. Let down the line into the horrible abyss, and you shall bring it up again exclaiming—O, the depths! Try to count the groans, and agonies, and sighs pressed by this system into every instant of time, and arithmetic shall fail you. Try to penetrate the future, and to grasp the issues of this system, and your imagination, halting and weary, shall give up in despair. Try to compute the value of one of the millions of souls daily imbruted by this system—put it into the scale against the material universe, and it shall make the vast magnitude of unfeeling creation to kick the beam. Then try to compute the value of the slaves, past, present and to come. Take up this work as one of mere humanity, of mercy to animals. Oh, it is far higher and holier than this. Christianity must be exhumed from her sepulchre, and you must roll away the stone. The Genius of Liberty must be disenthralled, and you must break her bonds. Mind, immortal, illimitable mind, waits to be let into liberty and life. The Bible, in chains, cries, Emancipate me, and let me go free. The earth calls, Deliver me from my curse. Labor cries, I am degraded, dishonored, infamous; redeem me, and let me be again the glory of him who tills the soil! Morality says, Behold me—I am wounded, violated, struck down; let me once again stand erect to teach man his duties, and be the guardian of human rights! The negro says, Have pity upon me, and transform me from a beast into a man. Have pity on that woman, my concubine, whom I may not make my wife. Behold my empty table plundered of its contents, my daughter polluted and ruined!

Let us turn to the bright side of the picture. If there is slavery in the United States, there is also anti-slavery. If there are those who prostitute their talents and influence to the support of slavery, there are those also who devote themselves, time, talents, property, health, reputation and all, to the cause of the slave. If there are those who pass fugitive slave bills, there are those who exonerate those bills, and hold them to be atrocious violations, under the name of law, of every precept, divine and human, pointing to the duties which man owes to his fellow-man. The anti-slavery cause is advancing with majestic strides. Its aspect is truly sublime. When I was formerly in the United States, the abolitionists were few, and therefore despised; now, their name is Legion. Now they speak, and the Legislature listens. Now they issue their command, and it is obeyed. Twenty years of unceasing effort has made this the question of questions. In the anti-slavery ranks is to be found intellect as lofty as any to be found in the ranks of slavery, and an amount of moral courage and indomitable zeal and perseverance never excelled in the prosecution of any other enterprise, not excepting those of an exclusively religious character. In this conflict, the abolitionists ask and have a right to expect the sympathy and aid of the entire civilized world; and the man who is not willing to give them that which they ask, is no friend to liberty. I have been told, since I came to this city, that there are those in it who inquire, What have we to do in this matter? If any such persons are here, I would say, Everything. Are we separated geographically and politically from the country where slavery reigns? We are, for that very reason, the persons best able to form an unbiased and sound judgment on the question at issue. We have as much to do with this question as with any question that concerns the happiness of man, the glory of God, or the hopes and destinies of the human race. We have to do with this question, for it lies at the foundation of your own rights as a portion of the human family. The cause of liberty is one all over the world. What have you to do with this question? The slave is your brother, and you cannot dissolve that union. While he remains God's child, he will remain your brother. He is helpless, and you are free and powerful; and if you neglect him, you are not doing as you would have others do to you, if you were in bonds. Know you that it is God's method to save man by man, and that man is only great and honorable and blest himself, as he is the friend and defender of those who need his aid? You are dwellers on a continent with three millions of slaves. Their sighs come to you with every breeze from the South. Oh, haste to help them, that this glorious continent may be freed from its pollution and its curse. Give the fugitive your aid. You have thus far done nobly. Continue to receive kindly and to cherish hospitably, on these shores, the refugees from the house of American bondage. Give the abolitionists your sympathy. Let them hear, in tones louder than those of Niagara, your words of encouragement—your hearty God-speed. It will refresh and re-animate them in their work, and cause them to gird up their loins and renew the struggle. The influence I ask you to exert is moral influence, and against that there can be no legitimate objection, and there can be no effectual resistance. Let your weapons be those of truth, reason and religion, and the time shall come when, from sea to sea, and from the Arctic regions to Panama, this soil shall be sacred to freedom.

Mr. Thompson was frequently interrupted by enthusiastic bursts of applause, and sat down amidst continued cheering.

After a few remarks from Frederick Douglass, the Rev. Dr. Burns closed the meeting with prayer.

B. F. HALLETT. When the 'Soldier of Fortune' appeared before the Committee of the Senate of Massachusetts, he endeavored to be very smart, and succeeded in being very insolent. The Worcester Palladium says, 'Mr. Hallett's bearing before the committee cannot but be regretted by his friends.' The Boston Atlas says:—

'We published yesterday, in full, the evidence of Hon. B. F. Hallett, given before the Senate Committee. No one, we think, could read it without being convinced that Mr. Hallett intended deliberately to insult a committee of the Massachusetts Senate. It is questioned in respectable quarters whether the Senate has the power, under the Constitution, to institute the inquiry which it has. We have doubts of our own, but we have yet to learn what right a witness has to insult the committee, and through them, the Legislature of Massachusetts. If Mr. Hallett did not wish to answer the questions put to him by the committee, he could have refrained. The committee had forced no one to answer questions. It is questioned in respectable quarters whether the Senate has the power, under the Constitution, to institute the inquiry which it has. We have doubts of our own, but we have yet to learn what right a witness has to insult the committee, and through them, the Legislature of Massachusetts. 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